

## TIPS ON NEW RIGS

The New Theatre Jacket is a Tasty Wrap.

## CONVENIENT AND VERY PRETTY

You'll Help One Dress to Show as Many—Its Laces, Its Ribbons, Its Buttons and Its Endless Folds.

Young Solomon in all his glory as, indeed, so one of King Solomon's seven hundred wives ever were such or so many busy bodies as a night at the theater will present to the modern woman's respectful consideration. It is curious how, with all the big game of the city, one is constantly running upon people. I think I have not been at Daly's since this winter that, somewhere in the audience, my eye has not struck a small, peculiar-shaped bald head, high and narrow, belonging to a little thin, blue-eyed old man in elaborate evening dress. He has a squeaky voice; I have heard it once. One night I had missed him when, in the throng in the passage



YELLOW SILK AND VIOLET CREPE.

after the curtain fell, a squeak that somehow by the strangeness associated itself with the special oddity of that man's head sounded in my ear, and, turning, there he was close behind.

He is one of the strangers with whom I feel familiarly acquainted. Another is the girl whom I have never seen at close range enough to know the color of her eyes, but whose theater bodices, different on every occasion, have come to be reckoned among the season's sights for me as often as I go to Palmer's. I think I must have pleased myself with approving or disapproving of at least a dozen of her originalities since November.

Last night she sat across the aisle and only a few rows away in a new color in my experience of her—a rather pale cowslip yellow India silk, crossed over the bosom above a little triangle of jet filled in with tulle and under a small Figaro jacket of openwork jet flashing with every flicker of the gas and every bend and turn of her shoulders. Deep jet cuffs reached almost to her elbows, and about her throat was a black feather ruche matching the feather edge to her theater hat and her great feather fan.

She looked well in yellow; most people do, especially in the evening, if they choose the shade carefully; but she looked better. I believe, one night at the opera—it's not alone at Palmer's that I have run across her, though oftener there—in a pointed waist of pale green with a stomacher of folded white tulle. I haven't said yet that this girl, whose name I don't know, but whose face keeps asserting itself as the face of the heroine in my whole winterful of unwritten stories, is dark and rather good looking, with an immense quantity of heavy dark hair. On the night in question she had a broad green gold pin thrust through the mass of it, and bands of dark green velvet crossing the tulle over her bosom. Wide white guipure lace was turned back from the stomacher and was arranged in curious standing ruffs over her shoulders and up and down each side of her green velvet sleeves.

With her long dark green gloves and green gold bangles she listened to, Lili Lehmann with the air of a queen in coronation robes, and I could feel no definite assurance whether it was feminine malice or feminine appreciation that made me notice that her plain dark green skirt was the same she had worn on at least three previous occasions with at least three different fancy bodices, so little silk and so little lace and



THEATRICAL HAIR AND BELLINERY.

as little money does it take to construct a new and dazzling toilet when you have one simple and well-fitting shirt to begin with.

The green had done duty—I could look back and check off the nights on my fingers—with a pink jacket very prettily. That was the evening it snowed, and a particularly devoted young man had received the flakes full on his broad expanse of ruffled shirt as he held the umbrella all over her, while his overcoat flapped wide as they went out from the light into the storm.

It was a very pretty pink jacket of pale rose de aise with three insertions of lace in the back, alternating with bands of rose ribbons. It was gathered to a point below the waist, and in front it had four insertions of lace and velvet, tapering to the bottom of the bodice. Between the insertions was a patterned web of pink chiffon shot with silver. The pointed neck and the elbow sleeves were edged with cream colored lace gathered extremely full.

The green had done duty also with a gray furry jacket that was as a mobcap. The dark girl had sat with a blonde girl and the two had eaten bonbons out of a little box with a blue decorated cover. It was a particularly original jacket of a heavy ribbed gray silk matching the tint of the gray cloth cape that was to be worn above it and that, as she walked down the aisle to her seat some rows in front of me, reached below the knees. The jacket had a shaggy mottled edge, and in front it opened as a darker gray velvet garment, bound down in diamonds with gray

moisture. It had a furry waist at the throat, and it was admirably with a gray felt hat with gray feathers and a white veil.

The theater jacket par excellence is a work of consummate millinery art. It is used a good deal more this winter than the earlier but less effective theater gown. It's a provoking bit of frigidity with little creases on the surface for its frills and its fallies, but deep down in its heart of hearts it knows its business, for it's mighty convenient and economical, transforming the plainest street dress into the gayest of gala costumes.

Chiffon, guano and crepe are the stuffs it likes best to pick among, though it disdains nothing thin and delicate and capable of being made up without daring the pretty stuff drawn or gathered over a fitted lining. Those which are most in favor have an undefined flavor of some dead and gone, indefinite but most gorgeous Louis about them, with their trappings of brocade and velvet and frills of dainty lace and jeweled buttons.

I remember one that I saw at an amateur performance last week, when the play was bad and the players worse, but the costumes among the audience most decidedly fetching. It was a short paniered jacket of pale violet crepe with a plastron of gold embroidered crepe set into the front between bands and narrow waved bretells of violet velvet. A velvet ribbon each went twice around the waist, drawn up and down in points in front to form a diamond. A velvet frill followed the short paniers about and the medial collar was velvet lined. The girl who wore it was blonde and pale—not at all pretty, but making the most of her possibilities.

Next to theater jackets there is interest in theater hats—and for hats come off oftener than they used—in theater hair. It seems to be considered particularly enterprising this winter to make the hair stand up as high from the top of the head as possible. The Grecian knot, for example, looks particularly unclassical when the girl about whose fuzzy locks you are trying to catch a glimpse of the death agony or the death talit of the long-suffering but well-clad



DARK GREEN AND TULLE.

heroine pulls it up to her crown, twists it tight and lets a brush of curls stick out and up in the middle with a dagger diving straight down to pierce the brain.

One peculiarity of theater dressing this winter is that the fantastic ruffs, bows and collarettes which the grip has called into existence and many of which it has christened are not commonly unfastened. You will see half a dozen girls in a row most wonderfully tied up with laces and ribbons and ruffles as to their throats sitting out a long, tear-compelling and most disheveling tragedy without loosening one knot or lightening one twist of fur.

There was a pretty creature on the street this morning with a round ruff at her throat of golden beaver. It was tied in front with a pink ribbon, which rested on a wide box-plaited yellow crepe ruche falling to her bosom and finished with just a hint of rose color. Fancy crying over "Camille" in such array.

Hats with strings are favorite theater wear, very broad strings often, and white to make them the more conspicuous. Ruched wreaths of ribbon are the simplest and most usual trimming with fancy feathers standing up behind.

I haven't left myself much room to talk about the evening wraps that are used to cover up all these playhouse glories when their wearers go out into the night, but I can at least tell of one of white velveteen which I saw getting tucked into a carriage not many evenings ago. It was long and full and lined with rose-colored satin and trimmed with white ostrich feathers. It had loose fronts and set on polka forms over the arms, and it looked as if the woman in it was pretty confident of good fortune in not brushing against any (literal or metaphorical) muddy wheels.

ELLEN GUNSON.

## EPIPAPHY IN FRANCE.

The people of Paris consumed within the last year 21,951 horses, 229 donkeys and 46 mules, the most weighing, according to returns, 4,816 tons. At the 180 shops and stalls where each food is sold the price has varied from two sous to 4 francs a pound, the latter being the price for the best horse steaks. Only about one-third of the meat is sold fresh and undisguised; the rest is used in making sausages, 400 horses having been seized and condemned as unfit for food before being turned into sausage.

Wurzburg & Bronson's orchestra at Germania hall Sunday night.

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